

The Carmel Cymbal

Vol. 6 • No. 3

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • JANUARY 15, 1937

5 CENTS



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

SUNSET SCHOOL CONGESTION IS PROBLEM NOW

Changes in kindergarten hours at Sunset School have been made necessary by congestion in class rooms. Action was taken by the school board at its meeting last week providing for only afternoon sessions of the kindergarten, permitting Miss Hope Thomas, kindergarten teacher, to take a part of the receiving class, or first grade, in the mornings. Miss Thomas' first-grade class will be in session from 8:30 to 12:15 or 12:30, the actual hours now being worked out by Principal O. W. Bardarson.

The matter of congestion was brought before the board by Bardarson. Although normally there are not many new entries in the school at the beginning of the mid-winter term which starts next Monday, this year it is expected that between 12 and 15 new pupils will be registered. This will make it impossible for the regular first-grade teacher, Miss Bernice Riley, to handle the class alone. She now has 40 pupils and there are few promotions from her grade.

Therefore, the first-graders will be split and Miss Thomas will step into the breach.

Recently Mrs. Rose Beckett was sent to Sunset School by Superintendent J. G. Force to act as an emergency teacher and take part of the sixth grade and part of the eighth. These two classes have been crowded for some time, there being 46 pupils in the sixth and 48 in the eighth. Mrs. Beckett is not new to Sunset School, having done substitute work there on various occasions.

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Mission Ranch Club Opening Jan. 23

We announce that the Mission Ranch Club will open its doors, or gates, next Saturday, January 23. We do this with a certain amount of trepidation. We have been opening that ranch club every week for the past month. We have passed on to readers what the owners and managers of the club have told us, but things have slipped up somehow from time to time and delay has been necessary. But this time we not only have their word for the date, but we know for certain that invitations have been ordered printed and the date of January 23 is transcribed thereon.

It is understood that there will be a supper dance on the opening night, but as far as we can learn there will be no restrictions on your going early and looking over the grounds during the day. From what we have seen of it, the Mission Ranch Club is going to be a pretty fine organization with a swell set-up.

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Miss Florence Nielsen of Carmel and David O. Allen were married in Reno last Monday. They returned the same evening to receive the congratulations and good wishes of their friends. Mr. and Mrs. Allen are both graduates of Monterey Union High School.

Argyll Campbell's Yacht Is Now Gone Forever

Argyll Campbell's yacht—no, we can't begin that way; there is no such a thing existent, that is, on the actual face of the earth or sea, as Argyll Campbell's yacht. It isn't any more. It has gone, departed, left us—in other words, it is extinct.

Except to the deep-sea fish, or the "oozy woods that wear the sapless foliage of the ocean".

Argyll Campbell's yacht has sunk; it is definitely and irretrievably sunk. "The Challenger" will never again try a come-back.

This is how it was and how, incidentally, we came to tell an untruth about it last week.

You see, it was bailed out in Stillwater Cove and brought to the surface for all to see. And then towing arrangements were made to have it pulled around to Monterey where it was to be raised in dry-dock and operated upon. We saw to these operations, and with our reportorial eye we followed Argyll Campbell's yacht, in tow, as far as Cypress Point on its way around. And then, as so often happens, just as we turned our back, confident, for some reason or other, that it was going to make it, the line parted and "The Challenger", instead of pursuing a course south by west, adopted a downward direction—straight downward. It made no farewells, not even a blub-blub. It went down—and out. And it is no more.

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C. W. Lee Is New Red Cross Head

C. W. Lee is the new chairman of the Carmel Chapter, American Red Cross. He succeeds Mrs. Karl Rendtorff, who resigned after an extended and highly efficient service.

Mr. Lee was elected at the regular quarterly meeting of the governing board of the chapter at All Saints Church Wednesday. Other officers elected are Mrs. Herbert John Morse, vice-chairman; A. F. Halle, treasurer; and Mrs. John B. Dickinson, secretary. To fill the vacancies on the executive committee the following were unanimously chosen: Mrs. Herbert John Morse, Mrs. Alfred Matthews and Mrs. John B. Dickinson.

Mrs. Rendtorff conducted the meeting and as retiring chairman she briefly outlined the four years' activities of the Carmel chapter in meeting Red Cross needs here. The tireless and effective work done by Mrs. Rendtorff during the period was highly praised by the other officers.

The establishment of a Red Cross first-aid station in connection with the Carmel Fire Department was outlined by J. L. Cockburn. There are at present twelve members of the department who have first-aid certificates.

Mr. Lee, chairman, and Mrs. Morse, vice-chairman, are not new to Red Cross work as they have conducted the annual Red Cross roll call for the past two years in Carmel.

HELEN WILSON BUILDING IS SOLD TO MALCOLM MACBETH; NEW OWNER PLANS IMPROVEMENTS

Another piece of Ocean avenue property changed hands this week with the transfer to Malcolm Macbeth of a deed to the Helen Wilson building on the Court of The Golden Bough near Monte Verde street. Macbeth is proprietor of an interior furnishings and novelties store de luxe farther up Ocean avenue, between San Carlos and Mission streets.

As is often the case with purchasers of business property, Macbeth is not at present ready to say just what he is going to do with his new acquisition. That is, what disposal he will make of the property. He does say, however, that he will immediately re-decorate the interior, doing it in white. He may also make two store spaces out of the ground floor instead of one as at present. Whether or not he will

occupy one of these stores eventually he is not prepared to say. There is also a second story which has been occupied for some time by a portrait photographer.

The building stands on a lot 30 feet in width and 65 feet deep. It is an attractive building, conforming in architecture with the other buildings adjoining the Golden Bough Court.

It was for a time occupied by Mrs. Wilson herself with her flower and bulb shop, called "The Bloomin' Basement", and was later tenanted by Mrs. Lois Dibrell as "The Carmelita Shop", selling gowns and such. The latest tenant was Mrs. Wilson again who, assisted by her daughter, Charis, conducted a dress shop there. It has been vacant for the past year and a half.

BOB LEIDIG OBTAINS DATA GALORE ON FIRE DISTRICTS; INSURANCE MEN OFFER THEIR ASSISTANCE

Armed with about all the information one could hope to get on fire districts, Fire Chief Robert Leidig is ready to present his data to the proposed committee which is to study the matter before presentation to property owners in the outlying districts who are interested in protection of their homes.

Chief Leidig attended the tri-monthly meeting of the Tri-County Firemen's Association at Salinas last Friday night. There he talked with firemen and fire chiefs from the three counties—Monterey, Santa Cruz and San Benito—and many of them had had experience with the formation of fire districts and could give Bob details of the organizations and, in some cases, errors that were made and which can be obviated.

The Carmel Association of Fire Insurance agents met in Carmel

this week and discussed the fire district matter. They are offering to those who are considering the formation of such a district all the aid possible. To this end they have extended an invitation to L. R. Bush, chief engineer of the Pacific Board of Fire Underwriters, to come here and address them on the matter.

Interest continues to grow in the possibility of a fire district that would take in Carmel Woods, The Point and the Ocean avenue section of Hatton Fields. No property owner in these districts appears to oppose the plan, and the only possible block will be costs over and above what it is considered fire protection would be worth. It is said by those who are most familiar with a district of this kind that the costs to all property owners, in the form of fire district taxes, would not be unreasonable.

GEORGE GERSHWIN VISITOR AT LA CORONA RANCH

George Gershwin and his brother Ira, with a staff of assistants and secretaries, were guests at Mrs. Sidney Fish's La Corona ranch this last week. The troupe arrived on Saturday and spent four days of work and relaxation before continuing on up to San Francisco by motor. Mr. Gershwin is rehearsing with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra with which he is to appear as conductor and soloist this next week. From there he will go on to Detroit by plane to keep an engagement with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra January 20.

"I would like very much to build a home here on the Peninsula sometime in the future," Mr. Gershwin said. "Carmel is a beautiful spot. The atmosphere and conditions are invigorating and conducive to artistic expression."

Mr. Gershwin, among other things, is painting. He has had several exhibits in New York that have met with success.

He has been here before, five

FRED McINDOE, TEMPORARILY, NOT DELIVERING GROCERIES

After delivering groceries for more than twelve years from one store on Ocean avenue, Fred McIndoe has quit.

He left Ewig's this week and his plans at present are indefinite. It is possible, one might say probable, that he will appear soon on one of our avenues of trade as a grocer on his own. That, at least, is in Fred's mind right now, but there are no details obtainable as to where and when the new enterprise will be launched.

Fred first entered trade in Carmel when he became associated with Anderson's Grocery within a few weeks after he arrived in the village. He remained with the store when it passed into the hands of E. H. Ewig and has been there ever since—until this week.

years ago to be exact, and undoubtedly will be here again if we know Carmel and the effect it has upon its visitors.

THE MATTSON KIDNAPING AND THE NEWSPAPERS

Since the horrifying news of last Monday came out of the Pacific Northwest, we have been taking a considerable mauling from persons who blame the newspapers for the fact that the Mattson child was killed by his kidnapers before the ransom had been paid and collected.

As a newspaperman it was normal and natural for us to try to defend the Fourth Estate, although we found it difficult. There is probably no doubt about the fact that if the newspapers had not so carefully recorded and spread across their pages all the details surrounding the effort to contact the kidnaper and pay the ransom, the fiend would not have been frightened and probably would have returned the child safely to his parents.

But it is also a fact, and this is getting broudic what with it having been said ever since the existence of newspapers, the public is to a large extent responsible for what a newspaper is. When newspapers deal in sensationalism, elaborate and detailed pictures, and a general prying into the private lives of every Tom, Dick or Harry whose perhaps temporary brush with the law automatically protects the newspaper from legal action against it, and then discover that their circulation grows as an indication of reader interest, what are they to do?

The stories day by day of the Mattson kidnaping were avidly read by newspaper subscribers, and the newspaper that published the most of it, and the most pictures with it, was the one favored by the readers who buy their papers on the newsstands. And all the while the readers were gulping up all the details they could they were also cursing the newspaper for printing them.

There is only one effective way to show a newspaper that you do not approve of it—that is, to stop reading it. A newspaper has to have readers, and any sudden and plainly deliberate drop in its circulation, is more effective, and immediately more effective, than hundreds of letters of condemnation addressed to the editor.

The San Francisco Chronicle today is a good illustration of that undeniable point. Just previous to and for some time after the death of Mike DeYoung, who founded it, the Chronicle endeavored to maintain a long-held reputation of conservatism in its news columns. It believed that it could best exist, not as a competitor of the Examiner in sensationalism and flamboyant display of the news, but as a daily finger pointed at the other's shame. It was highly praised by those who read it, but they were a handful compared to the growing circulation of the Examiner. Without a competitive circulation list, the Chronicle could not be a competitive advertising medium, and therefore lay its bread and butter. So, not so long ago, the Chronicle decided to give the Examiner a run. It said, in other words, if that is the kind of newspaper the people of San Francisco want, we are forced to provide it with that kind. And it did and it does, and the gentlemen who labor at Third and Market are kept hustling by the gentlemen who work at Fifth and Mission. In fact, today the Chronicle is pretty nearly

out-examinering the Examiner. And it finds it pays.

Take another look—at the Boston Transcript. With bitter determination the Transcript continues to represent the Brahmins of Boston, and as a result its circulation is almost entirely limited to the Common side of Beacon Hill, and Commonwealth, Beacon and Newbury streets. As a consequence its advertising is small in comparison with the other Boston papers and its income is nothing to make any newspaper publisher's mouth water.

Then, there is another thing. Those who have talked to us in scathing terms about the newspapers in this kidnaping case, all seem to be certain that if not one word had appeared in the newspapers from the very start, the boy's life would have been saved and he would have been returned to his parents. But think again about that.

Suppose that by some agreement, or government appeal, the newspapers, on the day after the kidnaping, carried not one word about it. Suppose that the next day and the next they maintained complete silence.

Now, it is assumed that this kidnaper read the newspapers, and was frightened by what he read. Suppose he had eagerly scanned the newspapers and found not a single word referring to his crime. If you can make such a horrible change mentally, picture yourself as the kidnaper then. Frightened? Why, you'd be scared to death. You wouldn't know which way to jump. You wouldn't know if the police were miles away from you or right at the back door of your shack. It is our guess that perhaps the death of the little kidnaped boy would come quicker, come as the result of terror such as only utter silence on the part of your pursuers could produce.

There is only one thing worse than knowing of the movements of those who seek you with guns and a gallows rope. That's not knowing anything at all of those movements. All the promises in the world in a letter offering to pay the ransom would be of no avail to wipe out the terror of utter silence in the newspapers.

But we do think, and we are convinced, that in some way, the government should get together with the newspapers of this country and endeavor to get them to use at least some common sense in the handling of news, when the lack of it means untellable tragedy for human beings.

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WE HARP SOME MORE ON JUNIPERO STREET

We want to do some more harping on the necessity for getting started on the proposition to improve Junipero street as the most logical highway through the city from the San Simeon Highway. There is no question that eventually it will have to be done. And as some brand of flour has it: "Eventually—why not now?"

Now is the logical time to get started on it. The situation, whether you agree with us or not about the amount of traffic that will turn off the San Simeon road and go through Carmel, is a serious one. As it is now, and as we have on occasion commented, San Carlos street is the thoroughfare into the city from the south, and consequently it is also the thoroughfare through the city out from the north. It will be used, as it is now used, for traffic going both ways.

And that, we wish to repeat, takes the traffic past the Sunset School. The situation as far as the traffic is concerned now is no small matter for concern. Both at noon

Governor Merriam Hitch-Hikes To Realtors' Meet

Carmel realty men, members of the California State Real Estate Association, attended the ceremonies at Del Monte hotel Saturday at which Eugene F. Dayton of Salinas was installed as president of the organization.

Governor Frank F. Merriam was guest of honor at the affair, but almost didn't get there. In fact, the governor hitch-hiked some of the way. His car broke down about two miles out of Del Monte and nothing seemed to work when inserted in the refractory part—not even toothpicks. So the Governor started to walk. He thumbed at one or two drivers along the road—and it was around noontime and, without doubt, broad daylight—but no one seemed to want to stop to give a lift to the walking gent. Finally, Nelson Faulkner of Salinas, manager of the Monterey County Title & Abstract Company, driving to the same destination as the Governor's, brought his car to a stop and offered assistance. It was not until the hitch-hiker climbed into the car that Faulkner recognized him. They got to Del Monte just in the nick of time.

On Friday, the day before the installation, the board of directors of the real estate association met at Del Monte and disposed of business matters.

Carmel real estate people who were present at the State association meeting and installation of the president included Paul Flanders, J. L. Schroeder, Elizabeth McClung White, Gladys Johnston, James H. Thoburn and Barnet Segal.

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DOROTHY LOVE'S MOTHER DIES IN BERKELEY

Mrs. Robert Love, mother of Miss Dorothy Love of Carmel and Lieutenant Robert L. Love, Presidio, San Francisco, died suddenly on Thursday of last week at her home in Berkeley. Mrs. Love had just returned to her home after spending the Christmas holidays with her daughter in Carmel when she succumbed to a heart attack. She was a sister of Col. Charles G. Lawrence of Carmel and widow of Col. Robert R. Love, to whom she was married at St. Mary's by-the-Sea in Pacific Grove in 1902.

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Father Vance of the Passionate Order of Catholic Missionaries, spent last week-end at the Argyll Campbell home on Scenic Drive. Father Vance, who has been visiting in the United States the past year, is returning to China to his mission 1600 miles inland. He will remain there for another period of between five and seven years.

and when the classes end for the day, it is necessary to supplement the school police with a regular member of the city police force in order to insure safety for the children crossing the street. As it happens, the greater proportion of the homes of the Sunset School children are west of San Carlos, and crossing the street is necessary.

Some expression of opinion, and it should be a definite expression, should be given to the city council by the Parent-Teachers' Association. And that opinion should be to the effect that immediate action must be taken looking toward the necessary improvement of Junipero street within the very near future.

—W. K. B.

Such a Cozy Little Quiet Christmas Did This Girl Friend Have

(A Carmel resident received a cheery little letter from a girl friend last week—just one of those Christmas letters about happenings, number of handkerchiefs received, extent of the silk stocking harvest, etc. We think it is the kind of letter that tends to soothe the mentally distraught. We offer it as a sedative.—Editor.)

Wausau, Wis., Jan. 6, 1937
It's never safe to predict where we're going to turn up, is it? What a lousy Xmas we spent, no friends, no presents, no letters, no tree, eating Xmas dinner off a sandwich counter in Nevada!

Well, to catch up with things, we started out from New York calmly enough to come to Wausau, Wis. The Tuesday before Xmas, in view of delays here, we thought we might get a trip to the Coast and back off our chests, as well then as later. We left at half an hour's notice. Xmas Eve in the middle of the night we got off the train at Kingman Junction, intending to spend Xmas Day with some friends at Boulder City. When we finally got there, 90 miles of driving later, we found they were all sick with grippe. Somehow or other we got let in for a trip up the Colorado river, as far as the beginning of the Rapids and the Grand Canyon—bent on exploring spots where only three white men and no white woman had ever been. It sounded all right on paper, but, adding to it the lousiest weather imaginable, it became more and more obvious that the whole excursion was going to turn into a prize flop. We drove all day, over sage tracks, through blizzards, cloudbursts, hail, deluges, and landed up at a camping spot at the bottom of a canyon around 8 p. m.

The tents were leaking, the bedding soured, the whiskey practically gone, and the nearest living thing was about a thousand miles away. After a sinister night we continued by boat, in more rain, up the gorge, which in decent weather would have been spectacular, but as it was, the clouds were so low they blotted out the upper part of the canyon altogether, and it was so cold our bones rattled like castanets and I was beginning to understand why so few white men had ever been so dumb as to attempt such an expedition. The women seemed to have shown even more sense! There was nothing around but the skeleton of an old prospector, together with a rusty camping outfit, and a few spare teeth. Cheery, I calls it.

After six or seven hours of rushing up and down canyons and gorges and wringing our clothes out, we got back to the car and drove all afternoon and evening through washouts and more blizzards till we finally got to Kingman Junction, completely buried in snow and learned that the train we had rushed to catch was one and a half hours late, 'count of weather. We stamped up and down the one-horse platform for nearly two hours, keeping our circulation going by swearing. After a sleepless night into Los Angeles, we arrived to find all the hotels jammed, 'count of the impending Rose Bowl game, and managed to get a room just for overnight at the Biltmore. That was the Tuesday before New Year's.

We got a drive-yourself car and spent two days driving through cataracts of rain to oil refineries and finally, having no place to go, we got onto a train again and headed for Chicago. Husband got sicker and sicker and finally I had to rush him off the train in the middle of

The Carmel Cymbal

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The Carmel Cymbal

John M. Dickinsons Return From One Of Their "Contented" Wanderings

The John M. Dickinsons are back after another three months' motor jaunt. Back home, they say contentedly, supping up Carmel's jauntiest air.

Perhaps you don't know about the contented Dickinsons and their contented journeyings. Well, if you've ever been the sort of soul who pauses now and then in life's deadliest moments and lets a dream float through your head of a day when you and the good mate will lay down your nasty old cares and go places, and then the fear that it will never happen grips you, you ought to keep the Dickinsons in mind. Because they have brought it off.

In the first place, they achieve the feat of just picking up and going. No fuss. A couple of their own blankets—just in case—and the Eastman seeing eye. Oh, I suppose they head roughly in one direction—this time Chicago, and Mrs. Dickinson's sister. But if Lottie sees a hat in Cheyenne that she can't make up her mind about, they just hang around in Cheyenne until she does. And if John runs into an old crony—he has them in all sorts of places—as he did in Tucson this time, why, Tucson it is, until Carmel calls.

In these days when all travel diaries are written on celluloid, their record is complete. We know how it is done, too. Something on this order—you pull up beside the road, and there is one brindle cow, chewing her cud against the vast loneliness of Saskatchewan. (This idea was our own, but it's the way they do it anyhow—to know that you can't get a picture of Saskatchewan without that cow to set it off.)

The Dickinsons always remind us of a fine and cherished Dehn lithograph we have—a couple walking in the Luxembourg gardens in late afternoon, quietly, with only the stark plane trees to show up a certain light in their faces. It's the way they look when they have come home to Carmel. Rhapsodic.

So, when you get to feeling that the thing will never really happen to you, remember that we have the Dickinsons with us to prove the contrary—except when they're away proving it.

Speaking thus, here is a bit of life in Carmel—of the joy of life in Carmel. We who have lived all our life in a town where one never sees a familiar face on the streets, enjoy it anyhow. The chance to exercise our face by smiling at people on the street. Especially when someone we know has been away and suddenly appears again on Ocean avenue. Ah then, we, too, have an excursion. Where have you been? we cry. We crossed the border from El Paseo into Mexico on election day, said Mrs. Dickinson, but we didn't go to the bull fight. And there you are, not at the bull fight, yet not on Ocean avenue either. Do you see?

Perhaps you remember Paul Enle's cry—that were the earth to crash in chaos and black certitude around him and he could be granted one thing before it closed him in

"... I would plead
That through the shadow there
would loom the friendly
White magnificence of a human
face."

—L. S. S.

Richard Crooks Will Sing Here At Sunset School, February 6

When Richard Crooks, who is singing in Carmel on February 6, was four years old he used to sing to the accompaniment of his mother's small organ. The friends and neighbors all urged that he be given singing lessons, but the family could not afford them and the only training he got was when he sang in some local chorus. At 12 he took part in a festival in Trenton, his home town, and at the end of the performance Schumann-Heink, who was in the audience, hunted him up and to his complete embarrassment embraced him. She also told him that if he would only work there was nothing ahead of him but greatness.

This was the first intimation of what was to come, but it was ten years before he settled down to a musical career. In the meantime he led the life of the usual boy finding his place in the world. At 16 he added five years to his age and joined the air service, but just before his squadron was ordered overseas he was found out and sent home. He worked as a painter, an ice man and an insurance clerk. This last job he started at \$80 a month and his advancement was so rapid that it came near to turning him aside from the musical career which somehow he seems always to have known he would follow. It was at this time that he married a girl who used to play the piano for his singing when he was a small boy. Together they pared the family budget and, with the aid of what he earned by occasional singing engagements, in one year saved up \$1300. With this they bought a third-class ticket to Paris and there, living in the cheapest of lodgings,

began in earnest to fulfill the prophecy made by Schumann-Heink ten years before.

There is one story of this period which is typical of Crooks' enthusiasm for things outside the musical world. He had been asked to sing the third act of Wagner's "Siegfried" with the New York Symphony Orchestra. It was an honor beyond his training and reputation and a tremendous acknowledgment and encouragement for so young an artist. All this he most fully appreciated and in addition the unexpected fee must have been a life-saver for the budget—but for all his excitement he spent the morning playing in a hand ball tournament and an hour before the concert had not turned up. It was not till the orchestra was tuning up that he arrived and burst in with the gleeful shout: "I'm handball champion of New York state." This enjoyment in keeping himself fit has undoubtedly added to the splendid vitality of his voice. It is one of the qualities of his singing which has made his fame.

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Ted Leidig, son of Fire Chief and Mrs. Robert G. Leidig, has returned to Stanford University to audit classes in the subjects he has been studying at his home here this past winter. Ted is planning to enter the diplomatic service. He is a graduate of Stanford and holds a degree in political science.

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Sue Brownell has returned to her studies at the University of California. Miss Brownell is a junior.

THINGS TO COME

Use the mail or Telephone 77 to make contributions to this column.

REVEL

Mission Ranch Club. Jan. 23. Supper dance and afternoon and evening festivities. Invitational.

SPORT

Carmel Pistol Club Range, Hatton Fields. January 17. Final elimination shoot for Ford trophy.

CIVIC

City Hall. January 20. 7:45 o'clock. Council meets.

DANCE

San Jose Civic Auditorium. February 1. Evening. Monte Carlo Ballet Russe, presented by Denny-Watrous management.

MUSIC

Sunset School Auditorium. February 6. Richard Crooks in vocal recital, under auspices of the Carmel Music Society.

DRAMATIC

Green Room. Former Arts and Crafts Building, Monte Verde and Ninth streets. Tomorrow night, 8 p.m. Baldwin McGaw and Emma Knox in reading of "White-oaks".

Sunset School. January 18. 8:30 p.m. Drama Seminar. Audition of "The Valiant".

MOTION PICTURES

Carmel Theater. Ocean avenue at corner of Mission. Two complete performances beginning at 7 o'clock. Matinees at 2:30. Tonight Stuart Erwin and Florence Rice in "Women are Trouble"; also Edmund Lowe and Constance Cummings in "Seven Sinners". Tomorrow night and matinee: Patsy Kelly and Charlie Chase in "Kelly the Second"; also Jack Holt and Evelyn Venable in "North of Nome". Sunday matinee and night, Monday and Tuesday nights: Joan Crawford and Robert Taylor in "The Gorgeous Hussy". Wednesday night: Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland in "Wives Never Know". Thursday night: Robert Young and Florence Rice in "Sworn Enemy"; also Ricardo Cortez and June Travis in "Case of the Black Cat".

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Writers' Project Staff Goes Hither And Thither

Developments in the Writers Project, so far as Carmel is concerned, seem to have gotten nowhere in particular during the past few days. Dr. Ferdinand W. Haasis, who was the Monterey district supervisor, with headquarters here, said Monday that he was definitely disconnected from the project, but that he understood two-thirds of his staff of thirteen members had been placed in other projects. We have wondered about that two-thirds of 13, but Dr. Haasis, being a scientist, probably finds it easy. What has happened to the other third, and that appears to be difficult, too—only Mohammed knows.

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Mrs. Martina Tait has come from Santa Barbara to stay a week. She will return south the first part of next week.

Freezing Weather Wreaks Havoc On Carmel's Flowers and Shrubs

While their owners huddled around fireplaces and stood over floor furnaces inside their houses, Carmel gardens, on the outside, took a terrific beating from the below-freezing weather of the past week-end. A great many of the shrubs, flowers and climbing vines present pathetic sights now. Even the hardy geranium, which grows more like a tree than a bush in this part of the world, couldn't take it and above ground, at least, appears to have folded up and passed out.

One of the most serious results of the blighting weather is the apparent destruction of vines which cover porches and fences. Along Carmelo street, which happens to be most used by us as a route from home to town, the result of the cold presents a serious aspect. Passion and trumpet vines appear to have suffered generally and their drooping, shriveled leaves bear mute and dejected witness to the visit of the extreme cold.

It is said by those who are supposed to know about such things that the geraniums are probably not dead at the roots and will come

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AT DOLORES

The Carmel Cymbal

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

The bona fide paid circulation of
THE CYNICAL last week (issue of
January 8) was as follows:

Paid Subscribers	308
(In Carmel shopping radius)	
Paid Subscribers	53
(Outside shopping radius)	
Newsstands Sales	43
Total	404

Gain over previous week 5

CONSCIENCE

"That little spark of Celestial
fire—Conscience."

Really, when you look into the
this matter of conscience, you are
not so sure it is God-given—

Try spending an hour on a sunny
hillside, lying flat on your back
on the pine needles and watching
the clouds as they open and close
the far blue vistas of sky.

How long will you lie there before
the first stirrings of conscience
begin to remind you of things you
ought to be doing? Will you have
strength enough to resist the merciless
prodding? To remain still and
at peace with yourself and with
the world?

No. You will say, this is very
nice but it is a self-indulgence, I
must go and do my shopping—or
I must visit my friend, or bake a
cake or mend some stockings—and
when you are shopping, or baking
or visiting you feel virtuous—Conscience
ceases to trouble you and all is well—

But is it well? What you are
really doing is indulging in a feeling
of virtue. Conscience has
fooled you. He has led you astray
by a pretty name.

Who is this ogre? Strip off his
holy mask and you will find your
old enemy "escape". By subtle
flattery he has led you from the
real to the less real; by reminding
you of the transitory he would
keep you from knowing the eternal.
Pick up a pine cone and send it after
him down the hill! Put your
hands under your head and look
up into the sky from a new angle.
Watch the slow blue wind threading
the tree-tops. Do not move.
Perhaps, if you are still enough,
you will hear the song of the earth
as it answers the delicate speech of
the sky. You may see the light
streaming forth from the trees, the
outward-shining, visible beyond the
form. Perhaps a bird or two will
tell you something you did not
know before—or even a squirrel
may think you interesting enough
to be considered.

Let your duties wait. Let
conscience weep. He is the dragon
who too long has frightened you
away from the gate of the temple.

—DORA HAGEMEYER

TEN YEARS AGO

this week

From The Cymbal, January 12, 1927

"George Ball to take 'Bad Man' to San Francisco." Such was a headline in THE CYNICAL ten years ago this week. It topped a story to the effect that the Woman's Civic Club of San Francisco had requested the Carmel Community Players to bring their play of a few weeks previous up there. They did, but before doing so it was repeated here in Carmel in the latter part of January. What a marvel Jo Mora was in the title role of that play! You thought you were watching America's reigning stage star in a temporary stand in Carmel. His was a beautiful piece of work. The rest of the cast, though ready and willing, suffered in the glare of Mora's brilliant acting. Tal Josselyn was runner-up, without question, with his cantankerous: "Have you ever been in Bangor, Maine?" whined from a wheel chair. Robert Welles Ritchie, Helen Wilson, Kit Cooke, Ernie Schweninger, Ned Lewis were in that play, if you remember.

+

An advertisement of the
Bank of Carmel announced that a
"new nest of safe deposit boxes
has just arrived. Make your reservations now." We remember that
we didn't.

+

We had an ad from M. J.
Murphy, running steady.

+

This one was printed on
Kelly Clark: "It seems that he was
dashing up to San Francisco in a
tin automobile he had at the time,
"when the timer went bad somewhere
on a cold, bleak stretch of
road with no town for ten miles.
After a freezing hour or two a
truck hove in sight. Kelly dusted
off his knickers and advanced with
thumb extended. The truck slowed
down, but didn't stop. The driver
called out that he had orders not to
stop. The place, it seems, had a
reputation for hold-ups." To make
a long story shorter, the truck did
stop after it had gone by some little
way, backed and picked up Kelly,
carrying him to the next town. On
the way, Kelly asked the driver
how he happened to come back if
he had instructions never to stop.
The driver looked down at Kelly's
knees and answered: "Well, I never
heard of no stick-up guy wearin'
bloomers."

+

The Carmel Club of Arts
and Crafts, in the twelfth year of
its existence, met and discussed its
state of being. Its respiratory system
appeared to be bad. It felt that
it was still breathing, but with
neither strength nor rhythm. Perry
Newberry addressed the gathering
and suggested that "in order to
revive the spirit of the reorganization
it must be made more of a
community institution". He declared
that some drastic attempt be
made to clear its debts. Nothing
was done, unless you consider that
a vote to hold the next meeting on
February 8 was something definite.

THE CYNICAL's story ends with a
happier note: "Following the regular
business meeting Miss Patty Mora
played two selections on the piano".

DISENCHANTMENT

Tell me this storm-wracked place has been

The promise-laden field wherein

We vowed to love forever more;

That these bare trees contained the spore,

The vernal pledge of life renewed,

Of re-florescence many-hued.

Warn me there is an end to Spring,

But spare me knowledge of one thing:

Tell me this youth cannot be he

In whom I sought divinity.

—LIBBY LEY

CARMEL CAPERS

"There are (in this village) the
capering element, the cavorting ele-
ment and the captious element."

—Aristotle—or Confucius

We ask ourselves if the genial
Ray Burns finds his newly acquired
ferocious appearing canine neces-
sary as a defense against the hordes
of his feminine admirers. Surely
his (we mean the dog's) value as
an aesthetic object is not apparent
to our untutored tastes.

+

Our curiosity is much piqued by
the fact that the dynamically-lovely
Jehanne Monteagle considers a
hunting outfit the chic ensemble for
the Bali Room—Diana to date—
and tally ho!

+

We are much elated to have the
somewhat asocial, though talented
man of letters, Myron Brinig, more
or less among us again after having
been laid ever so low by a particu-
larly unethical group of flu germs.

+

Our man of science, Dr. Laidlaw
Williams, is as undiscouraged by
bleak winter winds as are his little
charges, the hardy gulls, who con-
tinue bravely to inseminate the
spring crop.

+

Have we no feeling pour le sport
in Carmel? It is deplorable indeed
that the local authorities see fit to
remove boulders from the middle of
Ocean avenue when so many of
our beloved city's more vigorous
motorists were already accomplish-
ing so much in that direction by a
gentle but persistent policy of bat-
tery and demolition.

+

That well known Hollywood fig-
ure, Robert (Clark Gable) Norton,
has been examining several of the
more pulchritudinous Carmel maid-
ens with an eye toward preparing
them for screen tests.

+

General exodus of plutocrats
—one off to South America in an
effort to keep the importune wolf
from his baronial door—a second
to play the bull in Manhattan—a
third in pursuit of carnivorous lions
in Africa.

+

Mr. Ed Converse and his young
brother are pleasantly glamourizing
our little community by a week's
sojourn in our rustic midst.

—L. L.

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MUSIC
SOCIETY

presents

RICHARD CROOKS, Tenor

Saturday, February 6

NATHAN MILSTEIN, Violinist

Saturday, February 20

TRUDI SCHOOP COMIC BALLET

Saturday, March 27

If you have not already subscribed, buy a Post-Season Member-
ship for the three remaining Concerts. \$6.00 or \$4.50 according
to location

Write Carmel Music Society, Box 1144 or Telephone Mrs. Paul
Flanders, Carmel 22

JUST WHAT IS YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER?

In the first place, and obviously, it is the newspaper that the majority of local newspaper subscribers subscribe and pay for.

It is the newspaper that does not take itself too blamed seriously, realizing that at best, life, even in Carmel, is sometimes a bit drab and sorely needs a leavening.

It is the newspaper that can afford to laugh at silly implications that it is subject to the dictation of other persons or organizations outside its own little trio of owners—the editor and publishers.

It is a newspaper which has the wit to gasp at the unbelievable charge that the merchants of Carmel, who advertise in its columns, are trying to sell dishonest merchandise.

It is a newspaper that may make you mad on occasions, laugh on others, weep, perhaps, at times, but does not render you, week by week, year in and year out, perpetually and inconsolably sad.

It is the newspaper whose editor has personal knowledge of what Carmel was in the beginning, is now, and, at heart, ever shall be—God and the everlasting forces of Nature willing.

It is the newspaper which hasn't its back up against the wall right now, but is out in the open spaces and going places.

So, on "fact and logic" recapitulation, and with circulation figures all added up and tucked away, your local newspaper is

THE CYMBAL.

YES, THAT IS YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER

"IF YOU SEE IT IN THE CYMBAL AT LEAST IT'S INTERESTING"

Best Carmel Story of the Week

This came in the mail from one who wrote at the end of it: "Your paper is swell!" after having contributed, we think, to making it swell.

The actual, bona fide, birth-record names of the individuals in the following were provided by our contributor, and our investigation verified them. However, we are concealing their identities for two reasons, and they are both of them. One is six feet one and a half, with a long reach, and the other is six feet two, with what we have on occasion discovered to be an uncertain disposition.

Here's the story—as sent:

A and B, sulking over the fourth round at the Manzanita the other night; also over flagrant inadequacies of entertainment hereabouts. One thing after another proposed and rejected—such as going down to watch the river flow into the sea. Suddenly A has it—why not join up with these goings on in Spain? Fortified by the prospect, etc., they leave the club arm in arm, adjourn to the Western Union office, where B sends a cablegram to a person in Italy, arranging for commissions.

Back at the club they fall to heated anticipation. A guy saunters by and inquires the cause of animated men.

"Ah," says B, lifting the glass, "To the better and bigger Spain. To our gallant leader, General Francisco Franco!"

"You dirty scoundrel—you traitor," roars A. "You've joined me up with the rebels!"

Then A looked sadly about the room, fiercely raised his own glass, saluted the Spanish Republic and stole away to the far corner of the bar.

There to weep.

Youth Assembly Stages 'Walk-out' On Restaurant

Four Carmel youths are members of the Northern California Assembly of Youth, which staged a "walk out" in a San Francisco restaurant last week-end when at an Assembly banquet, the restaurant refused to serve Negro members of the organization. The assembly, then and there, voted unanimously to pay its full bill, although most of the dinner had not been served, and leave the place. They did. The four Carmel members of the assembly are Joe Schoeninger, Jr., Bill Millis, Margaret Reynolds and Betty Reynolds.

Drafting of a California Youth Act, and planning for and organizing the campaign for the passage of the bill, were two of the accomplishments of the Assembly at its meeting in San Francisco last Saturday and Sunday.

The youth act, as formulated by the more than 300 delegates representing approximately 150 youth organizations in Northern California who attended the Assembly, proposes the setting up of a State Youth Commission, under the departments of labor and education, and including representatives of youth, school administrations, and

social service workers, which would administer projects. Two immediate tasks for the commission would be "to conduct a survey of the needs of young people" and upon the basis of this survey to establish youth center and "such projects as will benefit the most needy young people".

Wage provisions in the act are a minimum per month of \$10 for high school students, \$20 for college students and \$30 for unemployed youth. The bill also provides for supplementary aid to youth on NYA projects. Clauses in the act stipulate that projects under the youth commission be of "a non-military nature" and prohibit discrimination for any reason whatsoever.

+++

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Van Riper have returned to Carmel for the winter. We hope Charlie will soon start the soft ball rolling up in Carmel woods.

+++

Dr. and Mrs. Elliot Van Diller of Palo Alto are here for a short visit. They are living at the Gamble cottage on Dolores street.

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The Carmel Cymbal

Who Are Teaching Our Children?

NO. 4—EDNA C. LOCKWOOD

Edna C. Lockwood was born on an election day in Council Grove, Kansas. Her father was deeply criticized by his friends: "If you're going to have a child on election day, why not have a boy so he can vote?" Her father replied: "She'll vote, some day." And now she does.

Mrs. Lockwood teaches a mixed class in Sunset School—a high first and a high second. She has been doing that for eight years—that is, she has been teaching in Sunset School for eight years, the second grade most of the time.

She went to elementary school herself in Council Grove, Kansas, and then to the College of Emporia in that city where William Allen White is such a big frog in a little puddle.

In the College of Emporia she got her teacher's degree, a secondary school certificate, and then went back to Council Grove and taught English and mathematics in the high school there. Then she got married and shortly after came to California.

Mrs. Lockwood took up graduate work in the University of California and obtained a California secondary certificate which, in case you don't know, qualifies a person to teach in a high school. Then,

wanting also elementary school qualifications, she went to the Chico State College and later to the San Francisco State College.

Then she went to Mt. Shasta and taught in an elementary school for two years, coming from Mt. Shasta to Sunset.

Mrs. Lockwood has a son, Dan, who was graduated from Sunset here in Carmel, from the Monterey Union High School and is now a sophomore in Stanford University. Every summer she and her husband and son spend their vacation in Clearlake Highlands in Lake County.

Mrs. Lockwood likes people, not only six and seven-year-old ones, such as she teaches, but sixty and seventy-year-old ones and all in between and, according to one of the other teachers, so many, many people like Mrs. Lockwood.

She doesn't collect stamps, but she does collect letters to her from the parents of her pupils. She has a large number of these and she considers them much more interesting than stamps.

You'd very much like Mrs. Lockwood, and if you happen to have a boy or girl in the high first or high second grade in Sunset School, you should very much like that, too.

(Next week: Lilly C. Trowbridge)

A Letter to Mrs. Irene Cator; Another To Mr. Palmer T. Beaudette

The following two letters will probably be interesting to readers of THE CYMBAL. They will, at any rate, throw some light on the activities and operations of one E. F. Bunch, erstwhile publisher of *The Californian*, formerly *The Sun*:

Carmel, California,
January 11, 1937

Mr. Palmer T. Beaudette,
Publisher, *The Californian*,
Carmel, California.

As a means of compelling compliance with a law by which we, ourselves, are bound; to further fair business principles and legitimate competition, and in justice to the advertisers of the Monterey Peninsula, we deem it desirable and necessary to address a letter (copy of which is herewith enclosed) to Mrs. Irene Cator, postmaster at Carmel, California.

At the same time we wish you to understand that we believe you completely innocent of intentional fraud, and that you were not cognizant of the actual status of your circulation list acquired in the purchase of *The Californian* from its previous owners.

Yours very truly

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

By The Carmel Press

(Signed) E. A. H. Watson

A. Porter Halsey

Publishers

(Signed) W. K. Bassett

Editor,

Carmel, California,
January 11, 1937.

Mrs. Irene Cator,
Postmaster,
Carmel, California.

We, the undersigned, publishers and editor, respectively, of THE CARMEL CYMBAL, application for entry of which as second-class mail matter under the terms of Section 530, P. L. & R., is now pending, respectfully request that the second-class mailing privilege, now held by

The Californian, formerly *The Carmel Sun*, be withdrawn and that the said *Californian*, formerly *The Carmel Sun*, be required by you to file a new application for said second-class mailing privilege in strict conformity with the provisions of Section 530, P. L. & R.

We make this request on the following grounds:

1. That *The Californian* is violating the provisions and requirements of Section 530, P. L. & R.

2. That *The Californian* has not now, nor has it had for a month previous to this date, a paid subscription list under the terms and provisions of section 530, P. L. & R.

3. That *The Californian* is now, and has so been for the past month, sending papers through the mail at the Carmel Post Office, to local boxes, rural routes, and Post Offices in other cities of California; to persons who are not subscribers to the said *Californian*, and have never ordered the said *Californian* sent to them, and have neither paid for, nor have they, until the past week, received bills for, subscriptions to the paper which they have received without order.

4. That personal investigation on our part fails to discover anybody in the City of Carmel who has paid for *The Californian*, or who has ordered *The Californian* sent to him or her.

5. That through the use of the second-class mailing privilege the said *Californian* is an unfair competitor of THE CARMEL CYMBAL and *The Carmel Pine Cone*, both of which are strictly adhering to the provisions of Section 530, P. L. & R.

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

By The Carmel Press

(Signed) E. A. H. Watson

A. Porter Halsey

Publishers

(Signed) W. K. Bassett

Editor



"SOCIAL CREDIT" ALSO IN OUR LIBRARY

Editor, THE CYMBAL:

"D. C.", in his (or her) interesting article, did you wrong.

Your purely blind guess that the number of periodicals being regularly received at the Carmel library was 120 was, seemingly, not even one out as alleged.

That time you hit the bull.

I am grateful to "D. C." and, in expectation, to you, for the opportunity to call attention to the periodical "Social Credit" which was omitted (inadvertently no doubt) from his list.

The Carmel Library has the historic distinction, among others, of being the first public library in the United States to regularly receive the weekly "Social Credit", leading the New York public library, which receives the paper, in this respect.

"Social Credit" (for Political and Economic Democracy), the official journal of the Social Credit Secretariat Limited (Major C. H. Douglas, Chairman) is published weekly at 163a, Strand, London, W. C. 2, England.

The Social Credit Secretariat Ltd. is a non-party, non-class organization devoted to true democracy and it is neither connected with nor does it support any particular political party, Social Credit or otherwise.

The periodical carries realistic comment on world events. Recently received numbers of "Social Credit" (Dec. 11, 18, 23) carry informative articles making clear the deeper issues involved in the abdication of King Edward VIII, and everyone interested in that affair (and who in Carmel is not?) should be sure to study them.

Carmel, Jan. 9 — E. J. Atter

Gene Ricketts Has Ice Skating Rink

Gene Ricketts acquired a dairy on January 1 and within a week discovered that he had also acquired an ice skating rink. He shared ownership of the rink, however, with Doc Stanford, Willard Whitney and a few others whose stores back up to the wide open space where nature planted the ice rink.

Last Sunday morning, or was it Saturday, Gene found half a dozen boys skating, sans skates, on the smooth, hard surface of a veritable lake the rain had deposited there during the week. The ice came and sat down on it with the coming of the week-end and the dropping of the thermometer.

The ice was a good inch thick and Carmel boys saved the expense of going to Truckee or even up the Carmel valley.

+ + +

SOUTHERN COOKING COMES BACK TO CARMEL

Carmel people are welcoming the return to the city of a restaurant serving southern meals. About ten years ago there was a restaurant conducted by a Negro staff of cooks and it grew to great popularity. Then something happened and it went pfft. People who like fried chicken as Negroes fry it and all the rest that goes with a delicious southern meal will hope that nothing happens to close the doors of the Southern Kitchen on Dolores street.

Josephine M. Kern, Sculptor, Is Visitor

Interesting people are constantly creeping into our village, unheralded and unannounced, but sometimes they are tracked down and found out. Among such one might mention Josephine M. Kern, a sister of Herman Kern.

Miss Kern comes from Chicago, where she seems to have done a great deal that is worth while in sculpture.

Albin Polasek, of the Chicago Art Institute, was her teacher and while there, Miss Kern received what is known as a traveling scholarship which gave her three profitable months in Europe. Later she taught in the Institute, both children and adults, and worked privately as well. One of her bronzes, a Pole Vault trophy, is competed for each year by Chicago High Schools. Speaking of trophies, she made an airplane one for Eddie Rickenbacker.

Miss Kern's bronzes have been sold in such cities as Boston, Chicago, New York and San Francisco. Worthy of special mention is a Memorial Plaque for the boys of the Art Institute who fell during the war.

Miss Kern has worked very little in the past two years and may be doing little or none in the future, for she has other plans.

The book called "Jewel", written some time ago by Clara Louise Burnham, Miss Kern's aunt, has a child heroine for whom Miss Kern was the model.

LEGION AUXILIARY TAKES IN FIVE NEW MEMBERS

Five new members were initiated by the Women's Auxiliary of the Carmel Post of the American Legion at its meeting last Friday evening. They are Mrs. Le Roy De Laney, Mrs. Mast Wolfson, Mrs. James H. Thoburn, Mrs. J. L. Schroeder and Mrs. Ed Maddox.

District President Storm of Watsonville took charge of the meeting and conducted the initiation.

Mrs. Robert Norton was installed as treasurer in place of Mrs. Corum Jackson who resigned.

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The Carmel Cymbal

McGaw-Knox Do 'Whiteoaks' Next

This coming week-end will see a return to the Green Room of Emma Knox and Baldwin McGaw in one of their popular play readings. A large number of seats have been sold for Saturday night. These two charming and altogether capable players have won the admiration of all who have heard them. For two people to appear on a stage, each taking the parts of from three to a half dozen characters, and doing it so well that the audience almost forgets that there isn't a complete cast before them—is art, we'd say, of no mean caliber.

The play to be given Saturday is "Whiteoaks", from the pen of Mazo de la Roche, based upon her famous "Jalna" stories. It is said to be the season's success in London. Sunday at 3 o'clock they will present "Pride and Prejudice", which is being given in response to the requests of many who missed this outstanding performance when it was done some weeks ago.

—M. R. S.

+++

Straying Reporter Runs into Trouble

THE CYNICAL's straying reporter was taking it on the lam (gathering news to you) one night early last week. He was on his way to interview a young lady who was at a rehearsal somewhere in the school house. Not knowing what a big place it was he got lost in the maze of doors and hallways. He was just about ready to give himself up as lost when he heard drums beating, the kind you hear in an African movie scene. He followed the beat of the drums. Finally he found a door that seemed to be the right one and entered. It looked down onto a basketball court flooded with light, where figures of all sizes and shapes were dancing madly about waving their arms. In the center was one woman in shorts holding a huge drum which she was banging violently with a stick. One of the moving bodies had stopped in its tracks and was gazing fixedly at him. The straying reporter was just about ready to stray out again when she came toward him with a gleam in her eye. There were titterings as all eyes turned toward him and he began to wonder whether he had gone a little mad or did these things just happen in these parts. When she got to him he meekly asked her in a very small voice, "Where am I?"

"This is a class in rhythmical exercises for women," she said firmly, "Good-night," and closed the door in his face.

Well, the reporter never did find the young lady he was looking for but he did finally find his way out of the building.

—R. B.

+++

DR. HENRY F. GRADY TALKS AT CARMEL FORUM

Dr. Henry Francis Grady, professor of international trade and dean of the College of Commerce in the University of California last dressed the Carmel Forum last night in Sunset School auditorium. His subject was "The International Trade Agreements—A Good Place to Start From."

Dr. Grady was in 1935 and 1936 chief of the Division of Trade Agreements, in the Department of State at Washington. He has played an important part in the drawing-up of many international trade agreements.

Just in Case...

YOU SHOULD WANT TO KNOW

(The Cymbal would welcome its attention being called to any errors or omissions in this array of facts. Telephone 77, or drop us a card.)

STATISTICS ON THE VILLAGE

Carmel is in a pine forest on the open-ocean slope of Monterey Peninsula, 130 miles south of San Francisco.

Carmel has an estimated population of 2800. Area, 425 acres or $\frac{1}{3}$ of a square mile. Improved streets, 30 miles. Dwellings, 1237. Business licenses, 250.

Communities directly adjacent, but not within the city boundaries, are Carmel Point, with an estimated population of 150; Carmel Woods, 150, and Hatton Fields, 100.

Population of "metropolitan" Carmel is therefore 3200.

Also included in the area for which Carmel is the shopping center are Carmel Highlands, estimated population 100; Pebble Beach, 100; Carmel Valley, 100.

Total population of Carmel district, 3500.

The original Carmel City, comprising what is now the north-east section within the present city limits, was founded in 1887. The city as it is, under the official name of Carmel-by-the-Sea, was founded in 1903 and incorporated in 1916.

The United States Post Office, insistent on brevity, ignores the hyphenated name and calls us Carmel, for which most of us are duly thankful.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Elective city offices with their incumbents are:

Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Everett Smith.

Commissioner of Streets, Sidewalks and Parks—James H. Thoburn.

Commissioner of Health and Safety—Clara N. Kellogg.

Commissioner of Police and Lights—Joseph A. Burge.

Commissioner of Fire and Water—Bernard Rowntree.

The above five form the City Council. They get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Saidee Van Brower. Telephone 110.

City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

City Attorney—Argyll Campbell.

Police Judge—George P. Ross. Telephone 481.

City Inspector—B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.

Police Department—Chief Robert Norton. Patrolmen, Charles Guth, Earl Wermuth, Roy Fraties. Telephone 131.

Fire Department—Chief, Robert Leidig. Twenty-four members. Firemen are organized volunteers. They are not paid, but we are building them a nice fire house with ducky social quarters. Fire Alarm Telephone 100.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride, is on Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh, opposite the Pine Cone office.

The city council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. The hours are 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books are free to permanent residents. A charge of \$3 a year is made to permanent residents in the Carmel district outside the city and owning no property inside it. A deposit of \$3 is required of transients, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of library.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings, part of which is continually on display. If you know anything about etchings you will be surprised and pleased.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

ART GALLERY

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day except Monday. Mrs. Ethel Warren, curator.

CARMEL MISSION

Ecclesiastically known as Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Juniper Serra. Drive south on San Carlos street, continuing on winding paved road quarter of a mile. Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 750. Regular masses Sunday, 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. Visiting hours, week-days, 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sundays, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints Church (Episcopal). East side of Monte Verde street, half a block south of Ocean avenue. Rev. Austin B. Chinn, rector. Telephone 155-W. Services: Holy communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Community Church. Lincoln street, half a block south from Ocean avenue. Rev. Homer S. Bodley, pastor. Telephone 977-J. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Junior League, 5 p.m. Epworth League, 7 p.m.

First Church of Christ Scientist. East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m.

Christian Science Reading Room. South side of Ocean avenue near Monte Verde street, on the Court of The Golden Bough. Hours, 9 to 5 weekdays, and Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7 to 9. Holidays, 1 to 5. Telephone 499.

THEATERS

Filmart. West side of Monte Verde street, between Ninth and Tenth streets, south from Ocean avenue. Edward G. Kuster, owner and manager. Closed until spring.

Carmel Theatre. In downtown district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. William Loring, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinees Saturday and Sunday. Telephone 282.

Forest Theater. Natural amphitheater in the pine forest. On Mountain View avenue, three blocks south from Ocean avenue. First play produced in 1910. Produces plays with local casts each summer. Herbert Heron started it.

Theatre of The Golden Bough. In ruins at Ocean avenue and Monte Verde street. Only the walls still stand after a fire in 1935. This was Carmel's prideful showplace for years. Hundreds of residents of old Carmel have trod its stage in locally-cast and locally-directed plays.

POST OFFICE

South-east corner of Ocean avenue and Mission street. Irene Cator, postmaster.

Mail closes—For all points, 6:45 a.m. and 5:15 p.m. For all points except south, 12:15 p.m.

Mail available—From all points 10:45 a.m. Principally from north and east, 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. This includes Saturday, but the windows close on Saturday at 1 p.m. They are closed all day Sunday, but mail is placed in the boxes in the morning before 10:45 o'clock.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Ira D. Taylor, manager. Telephone 64.

TELEGRAPH

Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. Telephone Call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Telephone Call Postal Telegraph.

BANKS

Bank of Carmel. North side of Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Charles L. Berkey, manager. Telephone 12.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. J. E. Abernethy, manager. Telephone 920.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Pacific Gas and Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth streets. L. G. Weer, manager. Telephone 778. If no answer, call 178.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Seventh and Dolores streets. Telephone 20.

Water Company. Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank building on Dolores street. Telephone 138.

HOLES IN SOLES

Village Shoe Rebuilder. San Carlos street, just south of Ocean avenue. C. W. Wentworth. You may talk with him about New England.

TAXI SERVICE

Joe's 24-hour service. Ocean avenue, next to library. Telephone 15.

Greyhound 24-hour service, Ocean avenue and Dolores. Telephone 40.

STAGE SERVICE

Monterey stage office. Ocean avenue next to library. Telephone 15. Leave for Monterey, 8, 9:15 and 11:45 a.m. 12:45, 2:45, 4:30, 5:45 and 6:30 p.m. Arrive from Monterey, 9:15 and 11:30 a.m. and 12:30, 1:45, 3:30, 5:30, 6:30 and 7:15 p.m.

MONTEREY TRAINS

Southern Pacific Depot, Monterey. Telephone Monterey 4155. North-bound trains direct to San Francisco, 8:16 a.m. and 1:20 p.m. North-bound by railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 3:40 and 5:32 p.m. South-bound, railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 9:45 a.m. and 8:53 p.m.

BUS SERVICE

Greyhound Lines. Main street, Monterey, in San Carlos Hotel building. Telephone 5887. Carmel information office, northwest corner of Dolores and Ocean avenue. Telephone Carmel 40.

Departures from Monterey: North-bound, 7:50 a.m.; south-bound, 9 a.m.; north and south, 9:40 a.m.; north, 1:05 p.m.; north, 4 p.m.; north and south, 6:51 p.m.; south, 10 p.m.

Arrivals at Monterey: from Salinas and south, 8:55 a.m.; north and south, 11:10 a.m.; north, 12:09 p.m.; north, 3 p.m.; north and south, 6:58 p.m.; north and south, 7:55 p.m.; south, 9:20 p.m.; north, 11:30 p.m.

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TELEPHONE 176

P. T. A. Discusses
Value of School
Library

PTA—dLf roage buih dvbb spen

Value of the Sunset School library and the necessity for complete cataloguing to extend its usefulness was discussed at the regular meeting of the Parent-Teachers' Association held at the school last Monday. Mrs. John Fitch addressed the members on applied psychiatry and Mrs. Ross Miller announced that a psychiatric clinic will be held in Carmel next Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

Cataloguing of the school library books disclosed the fact that there are now more than 600 volumes in the library. Cataloguing is being done in the most thorough, approved fashion, so that card indexes will provide the seeker with titles of all books in which any reference is made on the subject involved.

The P. T. A. has taken the library as its special project this year, not only because the school board has no funds for this purpose, but because it is readily realized that

there is nothing more important in the education of youth than to teach it how to use books and find desired information in them. The cataloguing has cost money, but a food sale by the P. T. A. was able to raise enough money to go ahead and complete it.

The library will be formally opened for use of the school for the next term, Monday of next week. Teachers will accompany their classes to the library on occasions and assist the children in examining and selecting books. At the meeting last Monday the great assistance rendered the school by the Carmel library was stressed. The service given by Miss Barbara Wood on the city library staff was especially noted. Miss Wood learns from teachers each week what subjects they are particularly interested in and then provides them with books that deal with the topic.

On the suggestion of O. W. Barndson, school principal, it was decided by the P. T. A. to make its school headquarters in the library and hold its meetings there. As the serving of tea is one of the features of the meeting, and the library is not equipped with provision for this, the association decided to put in a gas plate and sink. It is expected that this will be done before the next meeting.

At the close of the meeting Monday coffee and sandwiches were served by Mrs. Millard Klein and Mrs. James Handley, with Mrs. Ernest Morehouse pouring.

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PUBLIC SPEAKING CLASSES
ARE OPEN TO ALL

The newly organized public speaking class under the direction of Miss Lucy McLane will meet at 7:30 o'clock every Monday evening in the Sunset School Art Room. Miss McLane's background of preparation will enable her to provide invaluable assistance to the inexperienced and experienced speaker. Anyone interested is eligible to enroll. There is no fee of any kind.

During the past Summer Session and Fall Quarter, Miss McLane filled a teaching assignment in the Division of Public Speaking at Stanford University. In 1930-31 she was in charge of Speech Arts work at Humboldt State Teachers College. From 1915 to 1923, Miss McLane was associate professor of English and Dramatic Art at Colorado State Teachers College, Greeley, Colorado. There she taught English Literature, Public Speak-

Personalities
& Personals

Seen at the Bali Room at Hotel Del Monte last Saturday night:

Nancy Gross and Stanley Beau-baire, Mary Agnes Grigsby and Gordon Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Frost, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Snook, Marguerite Tickle and William Judson. Others present were Nancy Cocke, Manuela Hudson, Winston Frost, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Godwin.

William T. Pickering, an advertising man in Los Angeles, dropped into Carmel last weekend with Mrs. Pickering and called on Bruce Monahan and Alec Gibson, his cousins. Pickering is the son of Professor W. H. Pickering who is in charge of the Harvard Astronomical Station at Mandeville, Jamaica. Dr. Pickering is one of the outstanding astronomers of the world.

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Tebbets ran over from Hollister yesterday to see if their pipes had burst (they hadn't) and to subscribe to THE CYMBAL (they did).

Louise Rice-Carter was standing on the Post Office corner. She said someone else said that there were as many intelligent people as morons on THE CYMBAL subscription list. She had thought that over carefully and decided she didn't mind where she was classified. "We're all Cymbal Simons, and all like it," she said.

A dog lover wants to know what happens between the time you take your pooch legally uptown for a walk and the time you emerge from the grocer's. Hitching posts? A central dog day nursery? A fakir and a disappearing act? We saw one proud young cur, with his face artificially lifted by being tied to the awning at the Carmel Drug Store.

Mrs. Elizabeth W. Hill was hostess Friday evening to officers of the American Association of University Women. The Association discussed plans and programs for its future activities. The guests present were Miss Alice Work, Miss Anne Norwood, Miss Harriet Baker, Miss Caroline Wood, Mrs. Harold R. Youngman and Mrs. Webster Street.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hicks, who recently moved into their new home at La Loma Terrace, celebrated Mr. Hicks' birthday with a dinner and dance last Saturday night. Present for the birthday dinner were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Donley of San Jose, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Appleby of Minneapolis and Mrs. Kathleen Andrews and her two daughters, June and Emma. Later in the evening more friends joined the party, including Mr. and Mrs. Ed Hamm, Vere Basham and her

ing, Dramatic Art and was active in the Children's Theater work which was developed in the Elementary Training School of the College. This latter work included teacher training work in children's literature and story telling, fundamentals of expression, voice, dramatic technique, play production, pantomime, stage-craft, make-up and literary interpretation. In addition, during the past two years, Miss McLane has been teaching public speaking, English and vocal expression in the Monterey and Pacific Grove Adult programs.

mother, Mrs. Ivy Basham, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Zanetta, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Moody, Mr. Kenneth Freeman, Victor D'Acquisto, Mr. and Mrs. R. Beall and Miss Katherine Swafford.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Guy have left to spend two weeks in Santa Barbara. Mr. Guy is scheduled to play polo at Midwick fields this season.

The WPA concert, presented at the Sunset School auditorium last Friday night, was enjoyed by a good audience. The concert was a Federal Music Project given by 40 musicians from San Jose.

HOTEL NEWS AND NOTES

PINE INN—

Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Wilson spent Monday in Carmel. Mr. Wilson is a writer and screen adapter in one of the major studios in Hollywood.

Mrs. Ira Miller, mother of Mrs. Kent Clark, arrived last Monday to spend the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. N. S. Atkins of the Berkeley Women's City Club spent last weekend in Carmel.

Colonel and Mrs. Kreps will spend the remaining winter months in Carmel. They arrived here just after the New Year holidays.

LA RIBERA—

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Procter of San Anselmo spent last weekend in Carmel.

Mrs. J. D. Turner made a hurried visit to Carmel last week to look after her property and returned to Stockton.

HOTEL LA PLAYA—

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Francisco spent the weekend in Carmel. Mr. Francisco is the proprietor of the pharmacy in the Sir Francis Drake Hotel in San Francisco.

Dr. Marion L. Hooker, Miss Maude Thomas and Mr. Gordon Thomas from Santa Barbara were guests over the weekend.

Mrs. L. H. Tryon stopped off for the weekend on her way to San Francisco.

Dr. Lucinda Templin, who was here for the weekend, has returned to her home in El Paso, Texas.

Mrs. C. B. Scoville was in Carmel for a short stay. She has returned to San Marino.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Tucker, friends of Miss Virginia Gohn, were here for the week. Miss Gohn is spending the winter at La Playa.

CARMEL INN—

Miss Mildred Lineer and Miss Sarah Jane Dearborn of Brooklyn, N. Y. are spending three weeks here. Accompanying them is Mrs. Martha Murray whose home is in Ipswich, Mass.

Mrs. Katherine Ash who has been a guest here for a short time will return to Carmel on January 28. Mrs. Ash has published a book of poems under the title "Winged Thoughts". She is now at work on a group of poems inspired during her last trip abroad. She has given several informal readings of her "Travels Abroad Off the Beaten Path".

Miss C. Heinrich is a guest at the

Carmel Inn. Miss Heinrich is Director of the Girls Club on Capp street, San Francisco.

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Mrs. Warfield Curry of Oakland has returned to her home after a ten-day visit here.

PETER PAN LODGE—

The Rev. and Mrs. Robert Freeman are expected as guests at the Peter Pan Lodge this coming weekend.

Miss Lucille Griffith and her brother David Griffith have taken a cottage in Carmel for a month. Miss Griffith is a celebrated ballet dancer from Hollywood. She has come here for a rest.

Austin James has left for his home in Altadena after spending a short time in his Carmel house on Monte Verde street.

Alvin Beller has returned to Palm Springs after a Christmas visit with his mother here. Mr. Beller will remain in the desert for the rest of the winter months.

Mrs. C. W. Thatcher has moved from her Hatton Fields home to her new home on Carmel Point. She will remain there for the rest of the winter.

Moylan Fox is here with his mother, Mrs. Charles L. Berkey. He will return to the agricultural college at Davis January 17 for the spring term.

The Charles Sumner Greenes have as house guests Mr. and Mrs. Pat Greene, of Los Angeles.

Louis Lewis and his family are now living in one of the Swain houses in Carmel Woods. The Lewis family were victims of a recent fire that wiped out their home in Carmel Woods.

Henry Meade and Mona Williams, Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams and the Lloyd family successfully tossed snowballs at each other at a point just this side of Jamesburg, thirty-two miles up the Carmel valley. According to Frank Lloyd they met more than 100 automobiles on their way to see the snow.

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